

Untitled Songbook

Binder: Unknown

Folder: Unknown

Title: Unknown

Branch of Service: Army Air Corps (probably)

Unit: Unknown

Date: Unknown

Place: Unknown

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Although there is no cover page, the collection appears to be complete (no missing pages, matches table of contents).

Includes music scores with text. Photocopy.

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Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

Handwritten musical score for "Eight Bucks a Day" featuring lyrics and musical notation. The score is in 2/4 time and consists of six staves of music. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

**Lyrics:**

- Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg eight bucks a
- day Eight bucks a day Dive and roll and loop her till she's
- wingless as a kog Eight bucks a day is the pay Close the
- gate Lock the door Cause we won't come back to
- Langley any more We'll land at every flying field to
- San-fran-cis-co Bay Eight bucks a day is the pay.

## HI HI UP SHE RISES

1. What you gonna do with a drunken sailor  
Put him in the brig till he gets sober  
What you gonna do with a  
Put him in the brig till

drunken sailor  
Put him in the brig till he gets sober  
What you gonna do with a drunken sailor  
Put him in the brig till he gets sober

early in the mor - - - ning  
early in the mor - - - ning

Hi Hi

up she rises Hi Hi up she rises

Hi Hi up she rises early in the morning.

2. What you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
What you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Early in the morning  
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-4 bomber  
Early in the morning.

## ARMY AIR CORPS

3

1st TEN.  
 2nd TEN.  
 Lead Ar--- my Air Corps Ar--- my Air Corps roll them  
 1st BASS.  
 2nd BASS.

Words by Clara Carroll

to the line      Turn them over      check the motor

have them start on time      Don't do--- lay there

ta-- xi      way there watch and fol--low thru      Let's go

boys the ships are waiting      lift them to the blue.

2. Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line,  
 Jazz the Navy, pass the doughboys, soar above that kind,  
 Ships are humming, wires are strumming, lift them to the blue,  
 Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, show what you can do.

4  
ARMY AIR CORPS

3. All together we will weather, days of rain or shine,  
Then away men, pave the way men, far above the line,  
Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, hold your standards true  
Ceilings high, or low and stormy, keep them coming thru.

Note: To the tune of "On Wisconsin".

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Music & Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

The musical score consists of four staves of handwritten musical notation. The lyrics are written below the vocal line of each staff. The notation is in G clef, 2/4 time, and includes various note values and rests. The lyrics are as follows:

Fill that barrel up We'll drink a loving cup To bombers one by one

Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow For tomorrow never comes

Here's a health to Anti aircraft Here's a bumper to pursuit God help them

Join in all of you We'll drink a barrel to The Old Bombardment Group

*Moderato*

A... hand-some young  
"Take the cyl - in - ders

air-man lay dy - ing,..... And as on the air-drome he  
out of my kid - neys,..... The con-nect-ing rod out of my

lay,..... To me-chan-ics who round him came sigh-ing.....  
brain,..... The crank-shaft from un-der my back-bone,...

These last part - ing words he did say:.....  
And as - sem - ble the en - gine a - gain.".....

## SING Hallelujah for Manuevers

Handwritten musical score for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano. The score consists of four staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The score includes lyrics and performance markings such as 'p-f' (pianissimo-forte), 'p-f' (pianissimo-forte), and 'A' (a dynamic mark). The lyrics are as follows:

Sing hal lo in jah for me nou vers For  
nou vers we're on our way but don't be  
grieving cause we're leaving we'll be  
back the first of May

## SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

7

Handwritten musical score for a four-part vocal arrangement. The score consists of four staves, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a common time signature. The music is divided into four systems by vertical bar lines. The lyrics are written below the notes in each staff. The first system starts with "Good times lie before us" and includes a dynamic marking "soft-f". The second system starts with "But we like to get away" and includes a dynamic marking "sing hal le". The third system starts with "lu jah for mane u vers" and includes a dynamic marking "For ma neu vers". The fourth system starts with "we're on our way." The score uses various musical markings such as slurs, grace notes, and fermatas.

Good times lie before us Not that you bore  
soft-f

us But we like to get away sing hal le

lu jah for mane u vers For ma neu vers

we're on our way.

## MY WILD EYED CADET

My wild eyes ca det He ain't learned no thing yet

*mf* *a tempo.*

He no sees her down Then close to the ground My wild

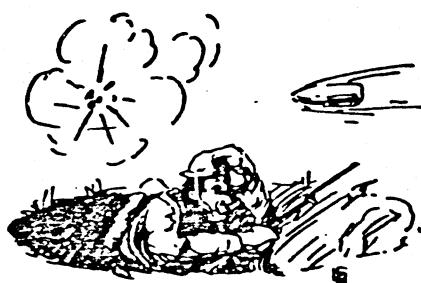
eyed ca det He slips in his banks

If he lives we'll all give thanks I hear guns beating

The musical score consists of four staves of handwritten music. The first staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and G clef. The second staff is in common time and G clef. The third staff is in common time and G clef. The fourth staff is in common time and G clef. The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves, corresponding to the musical phrases. The first two staves are grouped by a brace. The third and fourth staves are also grouped by a brace. The tempo is marked 'a tempo.' and 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the first staff. The key signature changes from G major to F major in the third staff.

MY WILD EYED CADET

A musical score for 'MY WILD EYED CADET' on three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The lyrics 'low And men mar ching slow Be hind my wild eyed ca det.' are written below the top staff. The score includes dynamic markings like 'rff.' (rallentando) and 'p' (piano). The middle staff has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a brace connecting them. The bottom staff has a bass clef. The score ends with a final dynamic 'p'.



I WANT TO GO HOME

(*Air Service Stanza*)

I want to go home! I want to go home!  
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,  
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.  
Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!  
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!  
I want to go home.

A musical score for 'I WANT TO GO HOME' on three staves. The top staff is treble clef, the middle staff is bass clef, and the bottom staff is bass clef. The lyrics 'I want to go home!.... I want to go' are written below the top staff. The score includes dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'Ped.' (pedal). The middle staff has a treble clef and a bass clef, with a brace connecting them. The bottom staff has a bass clef. The score ends with a final dynamic 'p'.

## I WANT TO GO HOME

home!.... The bul-lets they whis-tle, the can-nons they roar;

I don't want to stay here an - y more. Take me ov - er the

sea ..... Where the Germans they can't get at me..... Oh,

my! I'm too young to die! I want to go home!....

The musical score consists of six staves of handwritten musical notation. The notation includes various note heads (solid black, hollow, and 'x' marks), stems, and bar lines. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand, often aligned with specific musical notes or groups of notes. The first staff begins with a solid black note on the first line, followed by a hollow note on the second line, and an 'x' mark on the third line. The second staff starts with a hollow note on the first line. The third staff begins with a solid black note on the first line. The fourth staff starts with an 'x' mark on the first line. The fifth staff begins with a solid black note on the first line. The sixth staff begins with a solid black note on the first line.

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

## OLD 97

2. She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten  
And the wings were warped and bent  
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture  
A cow that was quite content.
3. She was old 97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started the engine  
For she knew that her time was near.
4. A second lieutenant wandered into the office  
And he asked for a ship for two  
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do."
5. "Now the first 47 are reserved for the majors  
And the captains have the next 49  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."
6. He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance  
I will get there some time tonight."

7. Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

8. He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm  
And he turned back to the right  
And he turned around, the fog was behind him  
And the mountians were all in sight.

9. He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm  
Till the light began to fail  
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction  
And he said " I'll get there by rail"

10. He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

11. There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And the throttle was bent in the forward position  
But the engine was facing back.

12. L-a-d-i-e-s , listen to my story  
No matter how you yearn  
Never say harsh words to your avistor husband  
He may leave you and ne'er return.

## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

2. Old sailors never buy  
Never buy, never buy  
Old sailors never buy  
They just sail away.

3. Old pilots never fly  
Never fly, never fly  
Old pilots never fly

## SHANTY AT OLD KELLY FIELD

13

It's only a shanty at old Kelly Field The

roof is half off the sky is re vealed The

noise from the planes It will drive you in sane And your

neigh bors cooking you smell very plain The

Tempo p-ff

Tempo p-ff

p

p

## SHANTY AT OLD KELLY FIELD

Handwritten musical score for "Shanty at Old Kelly Field" in four staves. The score includes lyrics and performance instructions like "colla voce" and "Moderato".

**Staff 1:** Treble clef, common time. Lyric: ants and the roaches they give you night mares And the

**Staff 2:** Treble clef, common time. Lyric: roads are all lighted by aeroplane flares But I'd al ways go

**Staff 3:** Treble clef, common time. Lyric: back to that old G. I. shack My shanty at old Kelly

**Staff 4:** Bass clef, common time. Lyric: Field.

Performance instructions: *ad lib.* (Staff 2), *colla voce* (Staff 2), *a tempo* (Staff 4), *Moderato* (Staff 4).

2. I'm only a student in the CGS School  
 Attack not defense is the general rule  
 We have horses to ride  
 Dumb generals to guide  
 Till you get so sore, you're fit to be tied  
 There are rivers to cross and forts to attack  
 If I ever get thru, I don't want to come back  
 Cause they gave me a nag  
 For the live hunt and drag  
 At the old C and G S School.

3. I'm only a student at the Tactical School  
 Proper use of the airplane is our golden rule  
 The instructors they rant and the students they pant  
 But of old General A we don't get the right slant  
 Attack, Observation or the Pursuit too  
 Say there's not a thing that the Air Force can't do  
 But if you finish this course.  
 You must ride an old horse  
 At the Air Corps Tactical School.

## BOMBED

Moderato

We were bombed last night, Bombed the night be-fore, And we're gon-na be bombed to-night as we nev-er were bombed be-fore. When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be, They can

CHORUS

bomb the whole darn ar-my if they don't bomb me. They're ov-er us, ov-er us,

One lit-tle cave for the four of us, Glor-y be to God, there

are no more of us or they'd sure-ly bomb the whole darned crew.

## LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

(How Do You Get That Way?)

Words by  
Sergt. JACK W. ALFORDMusic by  
Lieut. L. M. HARRINGTON  
Arr. by David Griffin,  
Post Song Leader at Kelly Field, Texas

## Marcia

*Marcia*

I heard they want-ed men to fight as av-i-a-tors bold, So game, I've

I went down, held up my hand, and shov-el, till my this is what they told: You'll lame, I've

go to Kel-ly Field and learn to lots of ground but nav-i-gate the not an inch of sky, When sky, And

I got there I was when I ask a-bout \* "S. O. L." for aer-o-planes, I this is how I hear the same old fly: cry:

**CHORUS**  
*Not fast*

"Look at the ears on him, on him, Oh! how do you get that way?"

That was the greet-ing I re-ceived as I marched in to - day. First they put me

in - to the kitch-en, "K. P." was my name, I wrote my girl that I was a fli - er,

*ff* Gee! but I'm a won-der-ful li - ar. "Look at the ears on him, on him, Oh!

how do you get that way?" That is the on - ly bat-tle cry I hear both night and

day, — If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kai-ser's reign, — They'd

bet-ter take up my ket-tles and pans, And gim-me an aer - o - plane! 1. 2. *ff*

ff'. The music includes various dynamics like 'ff', 'rit.', 'a tempo', and 'ff' at the end. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a treble clef and bass clef with various chords and rests."/>

## COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

Words Madeline Smith  
by E. H. DeFord  
Roland Birns

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff is a verse, the second is another verse, the third is a chorus, and the fourth is another verse. The music is in common time (indicated by '2' over '4') and uses a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff (verse 1) starts with '1. Come while on and join the Air Corps and get your flying'. The second staff (verse 2) starts with 'pay blind You You won't have to work at all but loaf around all'. The third staff (chorus) starts with 'Chorus' and 'day mind'. The fourth staff (verse 3) starts with 'Come on and join the Air Corps and, you will never mind'.

2. Our pilots do a lot of stunts  
And do them well, of course,  
And if you think that isn't hard  
Just try to loop a horse.  
Our air mechanics have more brains  
Than Generals of the Line,  
But don't get sore, just join the corps  
And never, never mind. CHORUS:

3. You're flying o'er the ocean  
And then from where you sit  
You see your prop come to a stop  
Your engine it has quit.  
You cannot swim, the ship won't float  
The shore is miles behind  
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish  
But you will never mind. CHORUS:

4. Come on and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on the gravy train  
When you're an Army flyer.  
But just when you're about to be  
A general, you find  
Your motors cough, your wings fall off,  
But you will never mind. CHORUS:

We stand neath resounding rafters The walls around are bare They  
 echo back our laughter Seems that the dead are all there.

## Chorus:

Stand to your glasses steady  
 This world is a world of lies  
 Here's a health to the dead already  
 Hurrah for the next man to die

2. Denied by the land that bore us  
 Betrayed by the ones we held dear  
 The good have all gone before us  
 And only the dull are still here
3. We loop in the purple twilight  
 We spin in the silver dawn  
 With a trail of smoke behind us  
 To show where our comrades have gone.
4. In flaming Spad and Camel  
 With wings of wood and steel  
 For mortal stakes we gamble  
 With cards that were stacked for the deal.

## THE PISSING PILOT

Be - side a Bel - gi - an 'stam - i - net, when the smoke had cleared a -

way, Beneath a bust-ed Cam-el, its form-er pi-lot lay; His  
 throat was cut by the brac-ing wire, the tank had hit his head, And,  
 cough-ing a show-er of den-tal work, these were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land—they jazz there every night;  
 The cocktails grow on the bushes, so every one stays tight;  
 They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,  
 And little drops of whisky come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:  
 "I'll tell you how it happened. My flippers didn't stay.  
 The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,  
 A bullet hit the gas-tank, and the gas came leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,  
 Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun.  
 They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,  
 And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."

Beside a Belgian water tank  
One cold and wintry day  
Beneath his busted engine  
A young observer lay  
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole  
But not entirely dead  
And he listened to the last words  
This young observer said:

## CHORUS

Oh, I'm going to a better land  
Where everything is bright  
Where hand outs grow on bushes  
And they stay out late at night  
You do not have to work at all  
Nor even change your socks  
And drops of Johnny Walker  
Come trickling thru the rocks.

## II

The pilot breathed his last few gasps  
Before he passed away  
I'll tell you how it happened  
The flippers fell away  
The motor wouldn't work at all  
The ailerons flivered to  
A shot went thru the gas tank  
And let the gas leak thru

## CHORUS:

## III

The spirits left their bodies  
And as they upward flew  
Said pilot to the observer  
I'll tell you what we'll do  
We'll get old Pete to give us wings  
And back to earth we'll fly  
And we'll hunt those god - damned ki-wis  
Until the day they die.

## CHORUS:

Mother take down your service flag Your son's in the S.O.S. He's

S.O.L. but what the hell He never suffered less He

may be thin but that's from gin Or else I miss my guess So

mother take down your service flag Your son's in the S.O.S.

2. Mother put out your golden star  
 Your son's going up in a Sop  
 The wings are weak, the ship's a freak  
 She's got a rickety prop  
 The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk  
 He's sure to take a flop  
 So mother put out your golden star  
 Your son's going up in the Sop.

# OVER LAND AND OVER SEA

(Song of the American Air Force)

23

Lyric by  
EVELYN O. de SEVERSKY

Music by  
ALEXANDER P. de SEVERSKY

Moderato

Piano

VOICE

SS

1. Rise and drink to a - vi - a - tion,  
 2. Bomb - er, trans - port, air - - craft fight - er,  
 3. Clear your guns and get them read - y,  
 4. Dan - - ger lurks a - bove for - ev - er,

Let us hold our glass - es high,  
 Ob - ser - va - tion and pur - suit,  
 Check tho - load in each bomb rack,  
 First de - fense is in the sky;

To the glo - ry of our na - tion, And the fight - ing  
 Drink her down to glo - ry bright - er, Join your glass - es  
 Keep for - ma - tion, hold her stead - y, Driv - ing steep - ly  
 First in war, in peace, and ev - er Are the fight - ing

men who fly. For what - ev - er is the weath - or,  
 in sa - lute. Yes, to - mor - row planes are soar - ing,  
 for at - tack. Let the bal - lets tell their sto - ry,  
 men who fly. Can't you see our aqua - droons soar - ing,

C7 Cdim. C7 E7b5 A7 A7b5 D7 G7 D G7  
 And wher - ev - er we may be, \_\_\_\_\_ We, u - nit - ed, fly to -  
 And the wind is blow - ing free, \_\_\_\_\_ Wings are spread and en - gines  
 Fly her on to vic - to - ry, \_\_\_\_\_ Death comes quick - ly, so does  
 To re - pulse the en - e - my? \_\_\_\_\_ Can't you hear our en - gines

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for a treble clef voice, the middle staff for a bass clef voice, and the bottom staff for a bass clef bassoon or tuba. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts. A guitar chord chart is positioned above the vocal staves, showing chords C7, Cdim., C7, E7b5, A7, A7b5, D7, G7, D, and G7. The bass staff provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns.

*To Coda  
last time  
only*

geth - - er, O - ver land and o - ver sea...  
 roar - - ing, O - ver land and o - ver sea...  
 glo - - ry, O - ver land and o - ver sea...  
 roar - - ing, O - ver land and o - ver sea?

8

## OPTIONAL INTERLUDE

D.S. &

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

## ◆ CODA

sea...

accel.

marc.

bat.

bat.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

I don't have to walk like the Infantry Ride like the

Cavalry Shoot like artillery And I don't have to

fly over Germany I am a Kee Wee now

I am a Kee Wee now

fine

D.C.

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Formation' in G major, 8/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are:

Here's a health to the formation leader A jolly good fellow is  
he He uses three star navigation And flies on Bacar-

di Here's a health to the leader's To the gunner within his  
two wing men

turelle Here's a health to the whole damn We'll fly reviews in Hell  
formation

The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed directly under the corresponding musical measures.

## THE STUDENT'S SONG

Words by H. S. Hansell Jr.  
K. N. Walker

1. I am a gay studentay  
2. The instructors are very zealous

Al tho I'm not  
Take ideas from

so calientay  
any one ellus

I'm taking this course on the back of a  
But on map problem test They think theirs are the

horse with horses the troubles are plenty  
best Relegate your ideas to the shelluf

Handwritten musical score for 'The Student's Song' featuring three staves of music with lyrics. The first staff includes lyrics for the first two lines of the song. The second staff includes lyrics for the third and fourth lines. The third staff includes lyrics for the fifth and sixth lines. The score is in common time and includes a dynamic marking 'p' and various musical markings like fermatas and slurs.

3. Now I am a fair navigator  
With Guonomic Chart or Marcator  
But I would get there  
With hours to spare  
If rivers and railroads were straighter.
4. In Infantry I've great erudition  
Can attack or defend a position  
But when to do which  
Now there is the hitch  
I never hit the school's solution.
5. Let's all drink a toast to Artillery  
They always park near a distillery  
And all that they ask  
Is that we "clean the mask"  
Which we do if the ground's not too hillery.
6. Alas for Attack Aviation  
They'll never dare leave their home station  
For the big three-inch gun  
Shoots them down one by one  
At zero or less elevation.
7. I am a gay bombardiero  
I drop my bombs far - o and near - o  
And with this basik arm  
Keep the nation from harm  
Or so I've been led to believe - o
8. Now radio is emblematic  
Of messages wrong and erratic  
If the Air Force C.O.  
Uses a radio  
The war will be ended by static
9. Now so far the school is all jake - o  
But we've other courses to take - o  
So this is my plea  
If you'll listen to me  
Just let up on us for God's sake - o